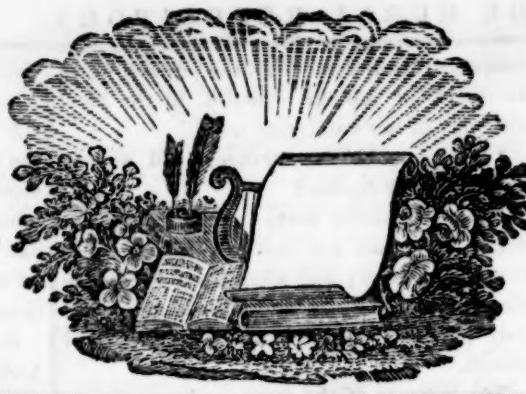


THE RURAL REPOSITORY.



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

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SELECT TALES.

Fair Annie Macleod.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THOSE attachments that take place in early life, contrary to the wishes of tender and *not ambitious* parents, seldom, if ever end happily. The *ignis fatuus* of passion, which leads the young and trusting maid to the arms of her lover, vanishes when the cares of her own creating press upon the heart of the wife and mother.

In my native village, before I had ventured upon that world which owes, like some descriptions of beauty, half its enchantment to the veil that shades it, I was acquainted with a young maiden, whose personal and mental attractions were of that cast which romance loves to portray.

Annie Macleod was the belle of our little hamlet. She had a bright and loving eye; a cheek ever dimpling with the smiles of gladness; and a fairy foot, which was as elastic as the stem of the bonnie blue bell, her favorite flower. Annie had many lovers, but one, a stranger at Roslin, was the chosen of her heart. To him her hand was often given in the dance; and many were the inquiring glances at, and frequent the whispered surmise about him, by 'kerchiefed matron and snooded maid. Annie's was a first love; and like every thing that is rare and beautiful, when seen *for the first time*, was irresistible. Just emerging from the girl into womanhood, with all the unweakened romance of nature playing around her day dreams, and coloring the golden visions of her sleep, the manly beauty of the stranger's countenance, and the superior refinement of his speech and manners, to the youth of that sequestered hamlet, came with all the power of enchantment to ensnare and bewilder her innocent mind.

Rumors about this favored stranger at length reached the ears of Annie's mother—unfortunately she had no father. Questioned by her parent her answers were in character with her youth and simplicity. She knew nothing of the stranger, but was sure he was

a gentleman, for he had offered and really meant to marry her. Mrs. Macleod, upon this information acted without delay. She forbade Annie on pain of her maternal displeasure, to see the stranger again, unless he by his own conduct, proved himself to be worthy of her. But on a fine Sabbath morning, when going to kirk, dressed out in all her pretty bravery, and blooming as the rose-colored ribins that tied her bonnet, Annie met the stranger at the place where they had so often held tryste together, and there Robin Bainhogle as he crossed the rude bridge that leads over a wide ravine to Roslin Castle, saw, as he said, 'the bonnie lassie for the last time, wi' a face like a dripping rose.' Tears Annie might and probably did shed—but that day she fled from her home.

Years passed away. The mother of the lost girl sunk under this blow to her maternal hopes.—The young maidens, Annie's compeers in age and beauty, became wives and mothers; and the name of fair Annie Macleod was seldom mentioned but by sage matrons, to warn their daughters, or by chaste spinsters to draw comparisons to their own advantage.

It was on a dark and stormy night in November, in 1792, that the pious and venerable pastor of —— was sent for to attend a dying woman. Wrapped in his plaid, the good man walked hurriedly along the common foot way to a settlement of squalid cottages, such as vice and poverty generally inhabit. In one of these cottages or rather huts, he found the object of his search. Pale, emaciated, and sinking away, like the flickering light of the exhausted taper, lay the once beautiful—the once innocent and happy Annie Macleod. What had been her fate since she left her mother's roof, 'twas easy to imagine, though the veil of secrecy rested upon the particulars of her history.—Her senses were at times unsettled and it was only during the short gleamings of sounder mind, that she was able to recognize in the Rev. Dugald Anderson, the pastor of her sinless youth, and to recommend to him, with all the pathos of dying love, the pretty

unconscious child, that slumbered at her side. That done, her heart, like the last string of a neglected lute, broke, and the spirit that had once so joyously reveled in its abode of loveliness, fled from the ruined tenement of beauty forever.

'And these are the fruits of love!' said Anderson, bitterly, as he eyed the cold and stiffened features of Annie. 'Oh! monstrous violation of that hallowed name!'

'Of a truth, 'tis a sair sight!' said an old woman, the owner of the hut, and I count me the judgment of the guid God winna sleep nor slumber on sic doings as the ruin o' this poor lassie.'

No,' said Anderson, emphatically, the judgment of God may seem to slumber, but is awake. Accursed is the seducer of innocence, yen, the curse of broken hearts is upon him. It shall come home to his heart and to his spirit, till he lie down and die, in very weariness of life.'

The pious pastor took home the little Alice to the Manse; and after the remains of her mother were decently interred in the village kirkyard a simple headstone, inscribed with her name, told of the last resting place of the fair Annie Macleod.'

Some years subsequently to this melancholy event, the good pastor of —— went out, as he was wont, to meditate at eventide. As he stood leaning over the white wicket, that opened from his garden into the church-yard, thoughts of early days and early friends, came trooping to his mind.

'No after friendship e'er can raise
The endearments of our early days;
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.'

The last rays of the setting sun shone full upon the windows of the chapel, reflecting from them a thousand mimic glories. His eye glanced from the holy edifice to the simple tombs, partially lighted up by the slanting sunbeams, as they quivered through the branches of the patriarchal trees, which here and there hung over the forgotten dead. Suddenly a man habited in foreign garb advanced up the broad pathway leading from the village. Looking about him, he at

last stood opposite a white head stone, over which a decayed yew threw its melancholy shadow. It was the headstone that marked the grave of the once joyous Annie. As oppressed by some sudden emotion, he rather sunk than leaned against the hollow trunk; but soon again returned to the grave, he knelt down, and burying his face in his hands, appeared to weep. The good pastor, interested in the scene, stood gazing unobserved at the stranger, who, after the lapse of a few seconds, rose up from his knees, and turned away as if to retrace his steps. Then again coming back he stooped down, and plucking something from the greensward, kissed it, hid it in his bosom, and with rapid steps left the churchyard.

Anderson returned into the Manse, drew a chair to the hearth, and sat down, took up a book, laid it down again, and walked out into the little court that fronted the village. A feeling of curiosity perhaps led him to glance his eye over the way, where stood the only alehouse in the hamlet, when he saw the same stranger come out, and crossing the road, stop at his own gate. To his inquiry if the Rev. Dugald Anderson was at home, the good pastor answering in the affirmative, courteously held back the gate for the stranger to enter; while the little barefooted lassie who opened the door, seeing the visiter with her master, hustled onwards and ushered them into the best parlor; carefully wiping with the corner of her blue checked apron the tall spinster looking elbow chair, and then withdrew to tell the young Anderson what 'a bra' gallant the master had brought home wi' him.'

The stranger's appearance justified Jennie's encomiums. Though past the summer of his life, the unextinguished fire of his youth still lingered in his dark full eye; and his tall and athletic person accorded well with the lofty bearing of his looks, and the refined courtesy of his manners.

'I believe,' said he, addressing Anderson, 'you have the care of a young girl whose mother died some years since.'

'You mean the daughter of Annie Macleod?'

'The same—and it is to ascertain her situation in your family, that I have taken the liberty to wait upon you.'

'Her situation in my family, my good Sir,' said the worthy man, 'is that of a daughter to myself; a sister to my children. The calamity which robbed her so early of her mother was an inducement, but certainly not the only one, to my becoming her protector. I was acquainted with her mother in the happier years of her life, and the friendship which I had felt for Annie Macleod, revived in full force when duty conducted me to her death bed. I there pledged myself to be a father to the fatherless—to keep her

unspotted from the world, the pitiless world as the dying mother called it, in the lucid intervals of her wandering mind.'

'What? said the stranger, did sorrow overcome her reason?

'Alas! yes—for many weeks before her death they told me that her senses were completely gone; and when I saw her in the mortal struggle; the delirium of mind was only partially broken in upon by flashes of reason.'

The features of the stranger became convulsed, and he seemed to wrestle with some violent emotion.

'You are a friend—perhaps relative of the unfortunate Annie?' rejoined Anderson.

'Yes—I was a friend—that is, I—I—knew her,' said the stranger.

'Then you will like to see my little charge,' and without waiting a reply, the good pastor left the apartment, but almost immediately returned, holding by the hand a pretty fair haired girl, with dark blue eyes, that seemed made for weeping—'This,' said Anderson, leading her towards the stranger, 'is Alice Macleod, or as she calls herself, Birdalane.*'

The stranger drew her to him; and taking her hand gazed long and earnestly in her blushing face. Why do you call yourself Birdalane, my pretty child?

'Because nurse called me so, when she used to cry over me, and say I had no mother and no father to love me and give me pretty things, like Donald and Ellen Anderson.'

The stranger's eye fell, and tears hung upon the dark lashes that swept his cheeks. He rose and walked to the window; and Anderson heard the long drawn sigh that seemed to burst from a heart laden with old remembrances. Presently turning to the pastor, he said, 'I am satisfied, good sir, fully satisfied that this friendless one cannot be in better hands, to fulfil her mother's wish, and keep her unspotted from the world.' Then presenting a sealed packet, he added warmly grasping Anderson's hand. 'Be still a father to that orphan girl, and God requite you ten fold in blessings upon your own!' He stooped down, kissed the wondering Alice, and hastily left the apartment. Anderson went to the window, and in a few moments he saw a groom lead out two horses. The stranger mounted one, and putting spurs to his steed, Anderson lost sight of him in the windings of the road.

The worthy pastor, dismissing little Alice to her playmates, prepared to open the packet. In an envelope, upon which was written—'A marriage portion for the daughter of Anne Macleod, was a draft of one

* Birdalane, means in Scotch the last, or only one of their race—one who has outlived all ties.

thousand pounds—and on a paper folded round a small miniature the following words;

'A likeness of Annie, such as she was when the writer first knew her. 'Tis now but the shadow of a shade. The beauty, gaiety and innocence it would perpetuate are gone; like the hopes of him who still clings to the memory of what she was, with all the tenacious regret of undying remorse.'

Sometime after this event, business called Anderson to Edinburgh. One day, while perambulating the streets on his various engagements, he saw the selfsame figure which remained indelibly imprinted on his memory—the identical mysterious stranger, who had visited him at the Manse, issue from the castle gates, and descend with a slow step and melancholy air down the high street. Curiosity, or perhaps a better feeling prompted Anderson to follow at a distance and ascertain who he was. It was Lord—

'Tis even as I thought,' said the poor pastor; 'poor Annie fell a victim to the arts of Lord —. Alas! he was too accomplished a seducer, for such artlessness as hers to cope with.

The sweet ties that bind the sons of virtue to their social fireside are too simple for the epicurian taste of the libertine: the tender interchange of wedded minds, the endearing caresses of legitimate love, are simple wild flowers that wither in the hot bed of sensuality, a corrupt heart.—Never can the proud joy, the refined pleasures of a faithful husband, be his.

For high the bliss that waits on wedded love,
Best, purest emblem of the bliss above;
To draw new raptures from another's joy,
To share each pang, and half its sting destroy.
Of one fond heart to be the slave and lord.
Bless and be bless'd, adore and be ador'd—
To own the link of soul, the chain of mind,
Sublimest friendship, passion most refined,—
Passion, to the life's last evening hour still warm,
And friendship, brightest in the darkest storm.'

To conclude. The little Alice never left the Manse, where she lived as her mother wished, 'unspotted from the world.' As she grew to womanhood, her simple beauty and artless manners won the affections of Donald Anderson, the son of her benefactor. They were married and often when Alice looked upon the smiling cherubs that climbed her maternal knee, the silver-headed pastor as he sat by the ingle in his elbow chair, would put on an arch expression, and ask her where was Birdalane now? while Alice blushing and laughing, would draw her little nestlers closer to her womanly bosom, and so answer the good man.

After a life of active charity, full of years and good deeds, the venerable pastor of — slept the sleep of peace, in that church where he had often roused others from a darker slumber than that of death. After his decease, and written in the neat old fashioned

hand of his father, Donald Anderson found amongst his papers a manuscript, dated many years back, containing the history of Annie Macleod—which, with some slight alterations, and the omission of particular names, (for obvious reasons) is now submitted to those readers whose hearts will not permit their heads to criticise a simple and unadorned tale.

The Peer and the Village Curate.

[Concluded.]

In his return, he saw a female and a little boy. The youth carried a basket, which seemed too heavy for his feeble strength to support. The female had, in each hand, a jug; and, having out-walked her companion had seated herself on a stile to wait his coming up. Trueman accosted the youth, and offered to assist him in carrying his load; a proposal which the youngster readily accepted, telling him, at the same time, that he had been to a neighboring farmer for cheese and butter; and that his sister had got two jugs of milk for his brothers' breakfasts.—‘And what is your name?’ said Trueman.—‘Benley, sir, and we live in yonder cottage,’ pointing to a small house. ‘Charlotte,’ said the youth, ‘here is a gentleman has kindly carried my basket for me; and, as you complain the jugs are too heavy for you, I dare say he will help you too.’—‘That I will, and esteem myself obliged so to do,’ said Trueman, placing the basket on the ground, and bowing to Miss Benley. ‘You are very kind, sir,’ said Charlotte; ‘but I am ashamed that Henry should have given you so much trouble: he is an idle boy, or he would not have thus intruded on your politeness.’—‘Call it not intrusion; the young gentleman asked not my assistance, and my service is voluntary.’

The blushing Charlotte accepted the assistance, of the gallant stranger. Trueman viewed, with a joy bordering on rapture, the personal accomplishments of his fair companion. ‘And oh!’ said he, ‘should she wear a pure mind, and unstained as is her lovely form, she were a treasure worth the proudest monarch’s love!’ The lovely maid answered with indifference every question of the enamored youth. The gloomy prospect of futurity had robbed Miss Benley of that vivacity, which, in her happier days, she was wont to possess.

Harry Benley, having informed his mother of the stranger’s civility, the good woman walked to the wicket-gate, that formed an entrance to the garden, to welcome her daughter’s return; and, thanking Trueman for his politeness, invited him to partake of their morning’s refreshment.—‘I am sorry,’ said the venerable matron, ‘that my means, and my inclination to make you welcome, are not in union with each other; but that which

I have to give, I give freely.—There was a time’—‘I have heard of your misfortunes, madam,’ interrupted Trueman; ‘and I sincerely sympathize in your sufferings. But do not yield to despair. The hand which inflicts distress, can also bestow happiness; and, though the pitiless storm of stern adversity to-day beats hard and heavy on your defenceless roof, to-morrow prosperity’s cheerful sun may raise your sinking hopes, and repair the ravages of the ruthless blast.’

Mrs. Benley and her daughter could not avoid making their observations on the strangeness of the visit; while he congratulated himself on the completion of his wish for an introduction to this amiable family.

It was on a market day that farmer Welford waited on the good old man. He found him in a small room, pursuing his pious meditations. The sight of any of his parishioners was a cordial to the drooping spirits of Mr. Benley. His griefs, though not forgotten, were suppressed, while conversing with his friends; but, at the moment of separation, they returned with increased poignancy, and it required the utmost efforts of his mind to support the painful ‘adieu’! ‘Eternal God!’ exclaimed the weeping father, ‘must I no more enjoy the sweets of liberty! how changed the scene! here, when night her sable mantle o’er the face of heaven begins to spread, nothing is heard but the dismal rattling of chains; doors of massy iron, grating on their hinges, appal the timid soul; while horrid oaths, and dreadful imprecations, wound the listening ear. O Welford! my soul sickens at the scene; and philosophy scarce can shield my mind from the horrors of despair!’

At this moment the jailer entered the room, with a letter for Mr. Benley.—‘The hand is unknown to me,’ said he. ‘It has a goodly outside,’ said the jailer, ‘pray heaven it prove not like the world, fair without, and foul within.’ ‘Why truly, friend,’ returned Mr. Benley, ‘your satire upon the manners of mankind is not unreasonable. It is, I fear, the maxim of many of the present age, to conceal the depravity of the heart beneath the specious appearance of honesty. This, however,’ continued he, breaking the seal, ‘I think, bodes no harm; I will, therefore, inform myself of its contents.’ ‘It is well,’ said he; ‘goodness is still extant: and innocence enjoys the guardian care of Providence. The contents of this letter will best explain my meaning—

‘To the Reverend John Benley, at the Castle of Norwich.

‘REV. SIR,

‘The enclosed notes, which I find, on inquiry, will cover the whole of your debts, wait your acceptance. They are the gift of one on whom fortune has bestowed more

than he can claim on the score of desert; and who anxiously hopes, while it restores to you those most enviable blessings, liberty and domestic happiness, he has left no clue by which a discovery of the donor may be effected.’

Here the jailer broke into a swearing fit of joy; the farmer could only express his pleasure with his looks, while the grateful pastor threw himself on his knees, and poured forth the grateful transports of his soul to the Giver of all good.

While the bounty of the generous Trueman was thus employed in releasing the worthy curate from the horrors of a prison, he himself was no less assiduous in soothing, by every act of benevolence and hospitality, the anxiety of the family at home. With the assistance of his landlord, he was become acquainted with every transaction that had occurred in the village. In one of his evening walks, he was roused from his meditations by the sudden exclamations of a female voice; and, raising his eyes, beheld the fair object of his affections endeavoring to avoid the importunities of a gentleman who was pursuing her.

‘Stay, lovely Charlotte!’ said the stranger, ‘why do you fly me thus?’ ‘Why, sir, are you so importunate?’ ‘Because I wish to remove the cloud of sorrow that hangs on your brow. In short, because I love you. Who could behold beauty such as yours, and live a stranger to affection?’ ‘Affection! view your recent conduct to my father, then say if affection bore a leading feature there?’ ‘On honorable terms, I sought your hand, which you in scorn refused. Had then your father laid on you his command, and forced you to be mine, he had escaped my resentment.’ ‘My choice was free, sir; and, perhaps it was my nature’s fault, I could not love you. But excuse my abruptness, should we be seen thus discoursing, the discovery would not add to my reputation.’ ‘This contempt, child, is very pretty! but it shall not divert me from tasting the ripe beauties of those matchless charms.’ Then rudely snatching the struggling beauty to his loathed embrace, impressed on her lovely lips the guilty purpose of his passion. At that instant, rage and indignation fired the soul of Trueman; who, darting through the hedge, seized the rude ravisher by the throat, and hurled him to the ground.—‘Detested monster! I know thee well. Thou art the faithless steward of the misused Belfont. Already has thy fame reached thy master’s ears; nor think, vile ingrate, that he will suffer thy villanies to escape with impunity.’ Then, taking the almost fainting Charlotte by the hand, he hastened from this fallen Lucifer.

The spirits of Charlotte hardly supported her from the presence of her base assailant,

before she sunk lifeless into the arms of her deliverer; who, urged by fear, placed her on a bank, and ran for water to a neighboring rivulet, and besprinkled her features with the cooling drops. Soon she unclosed her lovely eyes, and recovered.—' You tremble still, my Charlotte, and, by your disordered looks, seem to doubt your safety?—' O no! where Trueman is, suspicion has no dwelling.' 'Enchanting sweetness! Oh, my lovely Charlotte, never till this hour of danger did I know how dear an interest in my heart you held. Would my sweet girl but kindly listen to my artless tale, would she but give my ardent passion one approving smile?—' Alas!' interrupted Charlotte, ' I have no smiles to give. On any other subject, I will hear you; but, till again my father breathes the air of freedom—till from the chains of bondage he is freed, I have forsaken all joy.'

'Till that blest period,' said Trueman, 'when fortune shall cease to persecute thy venerable sire, and give the captive to his weeping friends, my passion in concealment's painful bosom shall dwell immured, if then thou wilt give my artless tale attention! this only do I ask: grant me but this, and hope shall nurture my love, and lull to rest each intrusive care.' 'Then, by my hopes of bliss hereafter,' said the maid, 'I vow, when that happy hour arrives, I will not chide thy fondness.—But tell me, what means this sudden joy that through the village reigns? how sweetly sound the merry bells; while every breeze from yon shouting throng wafts the breath of pleasure.' 'And see,' said Trueman, 'where to my Charlotte's cottage they bend their steps! it is, methinks, no vulgar cause that swells this loud acclaim—but see! your brother comes, the harbinger of happiness.'

'Oh, Charlotte!' said Harry, 'our dear father is come home again. Farmer Welford brought the news that he was on the road, and the whole village went to meet him. They took the horses from the chaise, and dragged him to our cottage. My mother cries for joy, and sent me to seek after you. Make haste, my father longs to see you.—And do you Mr. Trueman, come too; my mother has told him what a kind friend you have been; I will run back, and say you are coming.' 'You, my Charlotte,' said Trueman, 'indulge this flood of joy, nor check the soft emotions of the soul. These tears become thee, which, like the fleeting shower that bathes the summer's day, give fresh luster to the charms of nature.'

'Is that which I have heard derived from truth, or is it but the dream of fancy? my father released from prison! by whom?' 'Why,' said Trueman, 'should you question whence the gracious bounty came? it is sufficient that he is returned. Think the measure of his bliss is incomplete, till in his

paternal embrace he folds thy lovely form. Hasten, then, to increase and share his merited happiness.' Then, folding her arm in his, he hurried towards her dwelling.

Mr. Benley was seated at the door of the cottage, surrounded by many of his parishioners, when Charlotte rushed into her father's arms, exclaiming, 'My dear, dear father!' The enraptured parent mingled the tears of fond affection with those of filial gratitude; and every countenance beamed with smiles of joy. Nor was the welcome of the worthy Trueman wanting in cordiality: but, when the lovely Charlotte related her rescue from the hated Sandford, the murmur of applause fell from every tongue, while the grateful father strained the gallant stranger to his heart by the endearing name of son.

The return of the worthy pastor was celebrated by the inhabitants of the parish as a sort of jubilee. Every one strove to excel his neighbor in acts of courtesy. Stores of viands were conveyed from all parts of the village; and while, by the pale light of the moon, sprightly youth led up the merry dance, cheerful age sat and quaffed the nut-brown ale, talked over the feasts of former days, and in thought grew young again.

Every transaction that had occurred since Lord Belfont's arrival in the village, he had transmitted to his friend Bremere; and, on confirmation of the oppression which his steward had exercised, enclosed the discharge of that unfeeling wretch; with an order to deliver his accounts to Mr. Benley, whom he appointed his successor. A letter, announcing to this gentleman his appointment, also accompanied the packet; which Bremere duly forwarded from London, in the manner his friend had directed. By this time Bremere had refuted the opinion which had been entertained of the derangement of his lordship's finances. The whole was declared to be a feint.

The sensations of Sandford, on reading his lordship's letter, were such as are familiar only to the guilty. The perturbation of his mind brought on a violent fever, which soon terminated his miserable existence. Far different were the feelings of Mr. Benley.—'How variegated is the life of man!' said he, 'His morn of infancy rises immersed in clouds, and the louring tempest carries ruin in its aspect. Anon, the friendly breeze of fortune disperses the threatening storm: prosperity's golden sun sheds forth its cheering rays, enervates the chilling blasts of black adversity, and decks the evening of his days in smiles of joy.' 'And oft the ministers of fate reverse the pleasing scene!' said Trueman. 'You are come very opportunely to share the pleasure which our newly acquired fortune gives.' And, after having informed Trueman of the contents of that letter, said,

he had discovered the bounteous hand that gave him liberty.

'I have compared this letter of my Lord Belfont with the one I received when under confinement, and I find the characters of each exactly corresponding. To his lordship, I attribute the benevolent act. Tomorrow, we purpose leaving this humble dwelling, and once more take possession of our former mansion; where, I hope, we shall enjoy the pleasure of your company.' 'You do me infinite honor, sir; and I will study to deserve your favor. But where is Miss Benley, sir? I came purposely to inquire how she finds herself after her last night's merriment.' 'I believe you will find her in the garden. She and her mother will keep you company for an hour or two, while I visit my friends in the village.'

Trueman walked to the bottom of the garden, and found his lovely Charlotte seated in a bower of osiers, which she herself had reared. She had a letter in her hand, which, as she perused, the tears of anguish fell from her sorrowing eyes. Trueman's approach roused the maid; she started from her seat, hurried the letter into her pocket, and darted an angry look at the youth, 'Why, my lovely Charlotte, do you thus angrily fix on me those streaming eyes?' 'Answer me faithfully,' said she, 'art thou what thou seemest? or, beneath that mean attire, but ill according with thy polished phrase and manner, dost thou not hide—ha! my fears are true! The blush of guilt has crimsoned o'er thy face; and that confused air, that sudden start, proclaim thee false!' 'Tell me,' said Trueman, recovering himself, 'the grounds on which you have raised this unkind suspicion of my honor?' 'This will inform you, sir; a friend of Miss Benley advises her to be on her guard. Trueman is not what he seems; but, beneath the appearance of rustic honesty, harbors designs destructive of her peace and honor. Now, sir, what can you plead to this charge?'

'Miss Benley, that I love you, I think, is still beyond dispute. That you approved my passion, may, owned a mutual flame, is equally on the side of truth. To the charge here preferred against me, that I am not what I seem, I plead guilty; but to the rest, with all my soul, I pronounce it a base falsehood.' 'Less warmth, sir, will better serve the cause of truth.' 'Less warmth, madam, would confirm me the guilty wretch your hard thoughts, and this vile scroll, have made me. But, tell me, if I can repel, by truth indubitable, this unjust arraignment of my honor, what reward I may expect?'

'Oh! clear but thyself of these gross suspicions; appear bet the man my fond wishes have formed thee, and I would reject the crowned monarch's hand to share thy

honest love! 'Then fear not, and know that I am the happy Belfont.' 'Lord Belfont!'—'Yes, the rich, the happy Belfont lives, the vassal of your power. But tell me, from what envious hand didst thou receive this vile defamer of my truth?' 'Last night, when dancing on the green, a letter fell from your pocket. I took it up unobserved, and perused its contents: from these I learned that you were in disguise.' 'And the rest your fears supplied?' 'Even so.'

'Then, truly, you had reason for suspicion.—But come, let us disclose our mutual passion to your parents. Their approbation gained, we then will name the happy day.'

'May I entreat a moment's conversation, sir?' 'Ay, my good sir, an hour's,' replied Mr. Benley. 'Thus it is, sir; your daughter has beauty, worth, and innocence. I sought, I gained, her fond regard; and it is now our mutual wish to exchange our holy vows, and sign a contract of eternal love.' 'How say you, Charlotte? In this, does Mr. Trueman speak the wishes of your heart?' 'He has my free consent, sir, to what he now proposes.'

The request is somewhat sudden. It is true, I have found you worthy, and your merit deserves the treasure which it seeks: but a tender regard for the happiness of my child forbids me to give a too precipitate answer; and some little inquiry is necessary to—' True, it is a matter that requires the most serious consideration; and the reluctance which you feel, gives additional luster to your character. An accident has revealed me to the fair object of my wishes. I threw aside disguise, and confessed myself the happy Belfont.'

'Then take her, and may she prove deserving of your love.' The lovely maid smiled consent; and Mr. Benley hastened to the village, where the joyful tidings soon spread. The tenants flew with cheerful haste to pay their duty to their illustrious landlord, and none refused the invitation of his lordship.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

LONDON.

THE Italian Opera—Mademoiselle Grisi—a glance at Lord Brougham—Mrs. Norton and Lord Sefton—Rand, the American portrait painter—an evening party at Bulwer's—palmy state of literature in modern days—fashionable neglect of females—personages present—Shiel the orator, the prince of Moscow, Mrs. Leicester Stanhope the celebrated beauty, etc. etc.

WENT to the opera to hear Julia Grisi. I stood out the first act in the pit, and saw instances of rudeness in 'Fop's-alley,' which I had never seen approached in three years on the continent. The high price of tickets, one would think, and the necessity of appearing in full dress, would keep the opera

clear of low-bred people; but the conduct to which I refer seemed to excite no surprise and passed off without notice, though in America, there would have been ample matter for at least four duels.

Grisi is young, very pretty, and an admirable actress—three great advantages to a singer. Her voice is under absolute command, and she manages it beautifully, but it wants the infusion of soul—the gushing, uncontrollable, passionate feeling of Malibran. You merely feel that Grisi is an accomplished artist, while Malibran melts all your criticism into love and admiration. I am easily moved by music, but I came away without much enthusiasm for the present passion of London.

The opera-house is very different from those on the continent. The stage only is lighted abroad, the single lustre from the ceiling just throwing that *clair obscure* over the boxes so favorable to Italian complexions and morals. Here, the dress circles are lighted with bright chandeliers, and the whole house sits in such a blaze of light as leaves no approach, even to a lady, unseen. The consequence is that people here dress much more, and the opera, if less interesting to the *habitué*, is a gayer thing to the many.

I went up to Lady Blessington's box for a moment, and found Strangways, the traveler, and several other distinguished men with her. Her ladyship pointed out to me Lord Brougham, flirting desperately with a pretty woman on the opposite side of the house, his mouth going with the convulsive twitch which so disfigures him, and his most unsightly of pug-noses in the strongest relief against the red lining behind. There never was a plainer man. The Honorable Mrs. Norton, Sheridan's daughter, the poetess, sat nearer to us, looking like a queen, certainly one of the most beautiful women I ever looked upon; and the gastronomic and hump-backed Lord Sefton, said to be the best judge of cookery in the world, sat in the 'dandy's omnibus,' a large box on a level with the stage, leaning forward with his chin on his knuckles, and waiting with evident impatience for the appearance of Fanny Elsler in the *ballet*. Beauty and all, the English opera house surpasses any thing I have seen in the way of a spectacle.

I saw yesterday a picture of Miss Martineau, by our American painter, RAND, which excites some attention in London. Mr. R. is up to the lips in success as a portrait painter, and seems in a fair way to realize a fortune—a thing he was not in a way to do when I knew him in America. Every one who was acquainted with Rand, must have been struck with his original and inventive mind, and will be pleased to see that he is turning it to account. The following notice

from the Court Journal is written by Lady Charlotte Bury:

'An extraordinary work is speedily coming out by a very extraordinary man, entitled "The Philosophy of Painting." Unlike many titles, this one truly and distinctly designates the matter of which it professes to treat; how far the theory may meet with general approbation can alone be proved by the result; but the work is original, and proceeds from a deep-thinking and unprejudiced mind. Mr. Rand (the author) is by birth an American; by profession a painter. In mind and manners, gentle and unpresuming, yet not without that consciousness of power which is absolutely necessary to the achievement of any great undertaking. The evil days are gone by when the name of an American was cruelly and unjustly held in disrepute by the mother land. But Washington Irving, Bryant, and Cooper, have planted a standard of renown on the field of literature, as Newton and Leslie have done on that of the arts, which may not be cast down; and it only remains for a host of followers to enlist under the same banners, in order to obtain the same success.'

An evening party at Bulwer's. Not yet perfectly initiated in London hours, I arrived not far from eleven and found Mrs. Bulwer alone in her illuminated rooms, whiling away an expectant hour in playing with a King Charles spaniel, that seemed by his fondness and delight to appreciate the excessive loveliness of his mistress. As far off as America, I may express even in print an admiration which is no heresy in London.

The author of Pelham is a younger son and depends on his writings for a livelihood, and, truly, measuring works of fancy by what they will bring, (not an unfair standard perhaps,) a glance around his luxurious and elegant rooms is worth reams of puff in the quarterlies. He lives in the heart of the fashionable quarter of London, where rents are ruinously extravagant, entertains a great deal, and is expensive in all his habits, and for this pay Messrs. Clifford, Pelham and Aram—(it would seem) most excellent good bankers. As I looked at the beautiful woman seated on the costly ottoman before me, waiting to receive the rank and fashion of London, I thought that old close-fisted literature never had better reason for his partial largess. I half forgave the miser for starving a wilderness of poets.

One of the first persons who came was Lord Byron's sister, a thin, plain, middle-aged woman, of a very serious countenance, and with very cordial and pleasing manners. The rooms soon filled, and two professed singers went industriously to work in their vocation at the piano; but except, one pale man, with staring hair, whom I took to be a poet, nobody pretended to listen.

Every second woman has some strong claim to beauty in England, and the proportion of those who just miss it, by a hair's breadth as it were—who seem really to have been meant for beauties by nature, but by a slip in the moulding or penciling are imperfect copies of the design—is really extraordinary. One after another entered, as I

stood near the door with my old friend Dr. Bowring for a nomenclator, and the word 'lovely' or 'charming,' had not passed my lips before some change in the attitude, or unguarded animation had exposed the flaw, and the hasty homage (it is, and an idolatrous one, that we pay to the beauty of woman) was coldly and unsparingly retracted. From a goddess upon earth to a slighted and unattractive trap for matrimony is a long step, but taken on so slight a defect sometimes, as were they marble, a sculptor would etch away with his nail.

I was surprised, (and I have been struck with the same thing at several parties I have attended in London,) at the neglect with which the female part of the assemblage is treated. No young man ever seems to dream of speaking to a lady, except to ask her to dance. There they sit with their mammas, their hands hung over each other before them in the received attitude; and if there happens to be no dancing, (as at Bulwer's,) looking at a print, or eating an ice, is for them the most enlivening circumstances of the evening. As well as I recollect, it is better managed in America, and certainly society is quite another thing in France and Italy. Late in the evening a charming girl, who is the reigning belle of Naples, came in with her mother from the opera, and I made the remark to her. 'I detest England for that very reason,' she said frankly. 'It is the fashion in London for the young men to prefer every thing to the society of women. They have their clubs, their horses, their rowing matches, their hunting and betting, and every thing else is a bore! How different are the same men at Naples! They can never get enough of one there! We are surrounded and run after.'

'Our poodle dog is quite ador'd,
Our sayings are extremely quoted.'

and really one feels that one *is* a belle.' She mentioned several of the beaux of last winter who had returned to England. 'Here I have been in London a month, and these very men that were dying for me, at my side every day on the *Strada Nuova*, and all but fighting to dance three times with me of an evening, have only left their cards! Not because they care less about me, but because it is 'not the fashion'—it would be talked of at the club—it is 'knowing' to let us alone.'

There were only three men in the party, which was a very crowded one, who could come under the head of *beaux*. Of the remaining part, there was much that was distinguished both for rank and talent. Sheil, the Irish orator, a small, dark, deceitful, but talented looking man, with a very disagreeable squeaking voice, stood in a corner, very earnestly engaged in conversation with the aristocratic old earl of Clarendon. The contrast between the styles of the two men,

the courtly and mild elegance of one, and the uneasy and half-bred, but shrewd earnestness of the other, was quite a study. Fonblanc of the *Examiner*, with his pale and dislocated-looking face, stood in the door-way between the two rooms, making the amiable with a ghastly smile to Lady Stepney, the patroness of all callow poets and new-found geniuses of every description. The 'bilious Lord Durham,' as the papers call him, with his Brutus head, and grave, severe countenance, high-bred in his appearance despite the worst possible coat and trousers, stood at the pedestal of a beautiful statue, talking politics with Bowring; and near them, leaned over a chair the Prince Moscow, the son of Marshal Ney, a plain, but determined looking young man, with his coat buttoned up to his throat, unconscious of every thing but the presence of the Honorable Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, a very lovely woman, who was enlightening him in the prettiest English French, upon some point of national differences. Her husband, famous as Lord Byron's companion in Greece, and a great liberal in England, was introduced to me soon after by Bulwer; and we discussed the bank and the president, with a little assistance from Bowring, who joined us with a pean for the old general and his measures, till it was far into the morning. N. P. W.

MISCELLANY.

Anecdotes of Blind Persons.

A FRENCH lady, who had lost her sight at two years old, was possessed of many talents which alleviated her misfortune. 'In writing to her,' it is said, 'no ink is used, but the letters are pricked down on the paper; and, by the delicacy of her touch, feeling each letter, she follows them successively, and reads every word with her fingers' ends. She herself in writing makes use of a pencil, as she could not know when pen was dry; her guide on the paper is a small thin ruler, and of the breadth of her writing. On finishing a letter, she wets it, so as to fix the traces of her pencil, that they are not obscured or effaced; then proceeds to fold and seal it, and write the direction, all by her own address, and without the assistance of any other person. Her writing is very straight, well cut, and the spelling no less correct. To reach this singular mechanism, the indefatigable cares of her affectionate mother were long employed, who, accustoming her daughter to feel letters cut in cards of pasteboard, brought her to distinguish an A from a B, and thus the whole alphabet, and afterwards to spell words; then, by the remembrance of the shape of the letters, to delineate them on paper, and lastly, to arrange them so as to form words

and sentences. She sews and hemms perfectly well, and in all her works she threads the needle for herself, however small.'

We have a very remarkable instance in John Metcalf, of Manchester, who very lately followed the occupation of conducting strangers through the intricate roads during the night, or when the tracts were covered with snow. And, strange as this may appear to those who can see, the employment of this man was afterwards that of a projector and surveyor of highways in difficult and mountainous parts! With the assistance only of a long staff, he has been several times seen traversing the roads, ascending precipices, exploring vallies, and investigating their several extents, forms, and situation, so as to answer his designs in the best manner. Most of the roads over the Peak in Derbyshire have been altered by his directions, particularly those in the vicinity of Buxton: and he has since constructed a new one between Wilmslow and Congleton, with a view to open a communication to the great London road, without being obliged to pass over the mountains.

The Last Time.

In one only situation can a man be placed where the awful doubt is converted into a tremendous certainty; not the sick patient on the bed of death, whose pulse beats faintly, and whose subsiding seems to announce the coming of his release.—He may linger for hours; he may recover; the ray of hope beams, and those who love him share its brightness. His hours are not numbered. The sinking mariner clings to the last fragment of his ill-fated ship, holds on while nature gives him strength, and as he mounts the toppling wave strains his anxious eyes in search of assistance. A vessel may heave in sight; he may be drifted to some kindly shore; his fate is not decided.

The unhappy wretch who lives his last day in hopeless and unmitigated misery, is the sentenced convict on the eve of execution; he sees and hears all that is passing round him with the terrible consciousness that it is for the 'last time.'

He beholds the sun gleaming through the bars of his cell, in all his parting brightness, and knows he sees his golden rays for the 'last time'; he hears the prison clock record the fleeting minutes—how fastly fleeting to him!—through the night each hour sounds to him for the 'last time.' Seven strikes upon the bell—at eight he dies!

His wife, his children, his beloved parents, come to see him; he stands with his family in the possession of his bodily health, and all his mental faculties. He clasps them to his heart—they go. The door of his cell closes, and shuts them from his sight; he has seen

them for the 'last time.' He is summoned to the scaffold, the engine of death stands ready, he feels the pure air of Heaven blow upon his face, the summer sun shines brightly, for the 'last time;' he sees the green fields and the trees, and ten thousands objects familiar to us all. The cap is drawn over his tear-sprayed eyes! the objects vanish never to be seen again by him.—He hears for the 'last time,' the sacred word of God from human lips, in another moment the death struggle is on him and he breathes for the 'last time.'

To him alone, then, is the exit from this world of cares regular and certain; in every other case it is a mystery when the 'last time' shall come.

Influence of Women.

Not a page in French history, from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, but has to speak of some female reputation—nor is there a path to fame which female footsteps have not trod! Never have the French armies been engaged in the neighborhood, without there being found many of those females—of those delicate and fragile females—whom one sees in the *salons* of Paris, slain on the field of battle, to which they had been led, not much for a violent passion for their lovers (French women do not love so violently,) as by a passion for that action and adventure which they are willing to seek, even in a camp. At the battle of Jemappes, Dumourier had for his aides-de-camp, two of the most beautiful, the most delicate, and accomplished women in society, of the time: equally chaste and warlike, these modern Camillas felt a veneration for the profession of arms—they delighted in the smoke of the cannon, and the sound of the trumpet. Often, a General told me, in the most desperate cries of the battle, he has heard their slender but animated voices, reproaching flight, and urging to the charge: 'Whither do you go, soldiers? Is not the enemy yonder? Advance! Follow!' And you might have seen the waving plumes and amazonian garb, amid the thickest of the fire.—*Bulwer's France.*

A Daughter's Love.

SOMETIMES, I was conscious of gathering roughness from the continual conflict with passions and prejudice, and that fine edge of the feelings could not ever be utterly proof against the corrosions of such an atmosphere. Then I sought my name, and called my bird of song, and listened to her high, heaven-toned voice. The melody of that music fell upon my soul, like oil upon the troubled billows,—and all was tranquil. I wondered where my perturbations had fled, but still more that I had ever indulged them. Some-

times the turmoil and fluctuation of the world, threw a shade of dejection over, then it was her pride to smooth my brow, and to restore its smile. Once a sorrow of no common order had fallen upon me; it rankled in my breast like a dagger's point; I came to my house, but I shunned all its inmates. I threw myself down in solitude, that I might wrestle alone with my fate, and subdue it; a light footstep approached, but I heeded it not. A form of beauty was on a sofa by my side, but I regarded it not. Then my hand was softly clasped, breathed upon, pressed to ruby lips. It was enough; I took my daughter in my arms, and my sorrow vanished. Had she essayed the hackney'd expressions of sympathy, or even the usual epithets of endearment, I might have desired her to leave my presence. Had she uttered only a single word, it would have been too much, so wounded was my spirit within me. But the deed, the very poetry of tenderness, breathing, not speaking, melted 'the winter of my discontent.' Ever was she endowed with that most exquisite of woman's perfections, a knowledge both *when* to be silent, and *when* to speak,—that the frost might dissolve from around the heart she loved, and its discords be turned to harmony.

THE MECHANIC.—If there is any situation truly enviable, it is that of an *industrious Mechanic*, who, by his own unaided exertions, has established for himself a respectable place in society; who, commencing in poverty, has been able by his skill and perseverance, to overcome every obstacle, vanquish every prejudice, and build up for himself a reputation whose value is enhanced for others. And let it be remembered that this situation is attainable by all who have health and practical knowledge of their business. It is a mistaken idea that fortune deals out her favors blindly, and with a reckless hand. Industry and virtuous ambition are seldom exerted in vain.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—A man of Ohio well mounted, urging forward a drove of fat hogs towards Detroit, met a charming lot of little girls as they were returning from school; when one of them, as she passed the 'swinish multitude,' made a very pretty courtesy. 'What, my little gal' said the man, 'do you curch to a whole drove of hogs?' 'No, sir,' said she, with a most provoking smile, 'only to the one on horseback.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

A KIND-HEARTED WIFE.—A Mrs. Ramsay, (said Mrs. Piozzi,) whom I knew to be a most extraordinary steady minded, and gentle-mannered woman, was one night extremely ill. She called up her confidential maid-

servant to her bed side, and whispering in a low tone, said, 'Jane I am dying, but make no noise, because if you do Mr. Ramsay may be awake; you know that when his slumbers are broken he grows nervous, and cannot fall asleep again; but do you leave me now, and come in at the usual hour in the morning, you will then find me dead, and he will have had his proper allowance of sleep.' She died as was anticipated.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

G. O. P. Lenox, Ms. \$1.00; F. R. Rock Bottom, Ms. \$1.00; H. H. Feltonsville, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. New Paltz Landing, N. Y. \$5.00; J. M. H. South Orange, Ms. \$1.20; M. Salisbury, N. Y. \$2.00; T. W. Onondaga, N. Y. \$1.00; G. S. S. Jr. Perkinsville, Vt. \$5.00; W. M. B. Ghent, N. Y. \$3.00; J. D. S. North Granville, N. Y. \$3.00; E. B. D. Hartford, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. West Farmington, N. Y. \$1.00; E. C. Cooperstown, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. & M. M. S. South Dover, N. Y. \$2.00; G. & C. Windsor, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. Stockport, N. Y. \$2.00; C. M. Waterloo, N. Y. \$1.00; T. C. C. Flitchbury, Ms. \$2.00; A. S. Darien, N. Y. \$2.00; W. W. S. Alexander, N. Y. \$2.00; C. S. Batavia, N. Y. \$1.00; G. R. Alexander, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Stokes, N. Y. \$1.00; C. H. S. Pine Plains, N. Y. \$7.00; L. B. Rochester, N. Y. \$10.00; H. S. Goshen, N. Y. \$1.00; A. F. M. Galatin, N. Y. \$1.00; S. W. W. Cambridge, N. Y. \$1.00; G. C. Northfield Ms. \$7.62; A. P. Milton, Ct. \$2.00; P. M. Oak Hill, N. Y. \$7.00; H. S. H. Spencer, N. Y. \$2.00; R. T. North Chelmsford, Ms. \$1.00; O. D. F. Sutton, Ms. \$7.00; M. T. Williamstown, Ms. \$0.90; R. H. B. Smith's Mills, N. Y. \$1.00; N. M. Watervliet, N. Y. \$11.00; P. M. Wilmington, O. \$2.00; J. J. S. Ticonderoga, N. Y. \$7.00; G. V. V. Pleasant Plains, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. Fortsville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. B. T. Gill, Ms. \$9.87; J. C. C. South Livonia, N. Y. \$1.00; N. K. West Stockbridge Center, Ms. \$1.00; H. S. Amsterdam, N. Y. \$1.00; T. R. Cambridge, N. Y. \$5.00; W. S. C. Geneva, N. Y. \$6.87; P. M. Bemus' Heights, N. Y. \$2.00; B. A. Moravia, N. Y. \$1.00; M. L. B. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; T. D. Richmond, Ms. \$5.00; P. M. Constantia, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Brewerton, N. Y. \$5.00; S. Jr. Westfield, Ms. \$4.90; W. P. L. Somerville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Great Bend, N. Y. \$1.00; H. M. Smithsville, N. Y. \$1.02; G. E. V. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$5.83; D. L. Aera, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. Cassville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. F. Junction, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M'K. Livingston, N. Y. \$5.00.

SUMMARY.

A correspondent of the *New-York Gazette* expresses a belief, that when the Long Island rail road shall have been completed, the time for traveling from New York to Boston will not exceed nine hours.

It is said that the receipts of the Camden and Amboy Rail Road Company for the month of March, amounted to the sum of ninety thousand dollars.

We learn that Bulwer, the novelist, contemplates paying a visit to this country.

The water Commissioners have appointed Major Douglas Engineer for constructing the works for bringing water into New York.

Twenty-two hundred families, chiefly farmers and mechanics, intend to emigrate from New-York city, the ensuing summer, to Illinois, and establish there a township by themselves.

The Norwalk Felt Carpeting of Connecticut, is said to be as beautiful as that of Turkey, and more lasting than Brussels—the colors, too, more durable. Let the Yankees alone!

The number of emigrants pouring into Michigan is beyond all parallel. The public houses in Detroit are overrun. Three thousand have landed there, says the *Detroit Free Press*, since the opening of navigation.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whittaker, Mr. Alexander W. Macy, to Miss Mary Jessup, all of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Alden Scovel, of Stockport, Mr. William A. Teal, to Miss Maria Webster, both of this city.

DIED.

In this city, on the 30th ult. Mr. Ebenezer Crossman, in the 58th year of his age.

On the 3d inst. David Coleman, in the 50th year of his age.

On the 9th inst. Mary Race, in the 63d year of her age.

On the 11th inst. William Comstock, (drowned) in the 20th year of his age.

On the 21st inst. Miss Catharine Peak, in the 15th year of her age.

On the 23d inst. Christina Helms, in the 31st year of her age.

At White Pigeon, Michigan, on the 9th of April last, Delia C. daughter of Edward B. Simmons, formerly of this city.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

The Dying Song of the Betrayed.

BY MISS MARY EMILY JACKSON.

Oh! who will seek my humble home,
When the rank grass is waving high,
To shed one tear upon my tomb,
To breathe one deep, one heartfelt sigh?

Oh! who of all the giddy throng,
Will weep when I have ceased to be?
Will those that I have loved so long,
And loved so well, remember me?

Will the dear friends of youth and home,
E'er name me in their evening prayer—
Will they e'er seek my lowly tomb?
Or must I be forgotten there?

Will strangers make my earth-cold bed?
Will strangers close my dying eyes?
Must strangers gather round my head
To view my last death agonies?

May not a much loved friend be near
To kiss the death-sweat from my brow?
Alas! no well known voice I hear,
And death's chill grasp is on me now!

Oh! let the wild rose o'er me bloom,
And let the willow o'er me wave,
That some may seek my humble tomb
To pluck those wild flowers from my grave.

Friend of my happier days, farewell,
Though I no more may gaze on thee,
Time cannot break that youthful spell,
I know thou wilt remember me.

For the Rural Repository.

Lines to Mrs. C. C. Williams on the Death of her Child.

SHE's gone, sweet Emily no more
Attends our morning prayer,
She used to kneel beside her Ma',
But now she kneels not there.

At table by her Pa' she sat,
But there she sits no more,
Nay, many a spot is lonely now,
Which Emma filled before.

She's gone, her cherub form on earth,
No more will bend the knee,
But now, oh God! 'tis bent in heaven,
As 'twas on earth to thee.

Then parents, sisters, dry your tears,
She's gone, but cease to moan,
For Emily is happy now,
And Jesus has his own.

Albany, June, 1835.

T.

Ode to an Indian Gold Coin.

WRITTEN IN CHERICAL, MALABAR.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear,
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackall's shriek bursts on mine ear,
When mirth and music went to charm.

By Cherical's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams,
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castle rocks stupendous piled

By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where love's of Youth and Friendship smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!

The perished bliss of Youth's first prime,
That once so bright on Fancy played,
Revives no more in after-time.

Far from my sacred natal clime

I haste to an untimely grave;

The daring thoughts that soared sublime,
Are sunk in Ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear,
A gentle vision comes by night,

My lonely, widowed heart to cheer;

Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine;

Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave!

I left a heart that loved me true!

I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,

To roam in climes unkind and new:

The cold wind of the stranger blew

Chill on my withered heart;—the grave

Dark and untimely met my view—

And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock

A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,

Now that his frame the lightning shock

Of sun-rays tipt with Death has borne?

From Love, from Friendship, Country torn
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave? thy yellow dross I scorn!

Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

The Scar of Lexington.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

WITH cherub smile, the prattling boy,
Who on the veteran's breast reclines,
Has thrown aside his favorite toy,
And round his gentle finger twines
Those scattered locks, that with the knight
Of four-score years are snowy white;
And, as a scar arrests his view,
He cries, 'Grand-Pa,' what wounded you?

'My child, 'tis five and fifty years,
This very day, this very hour,
Since from a scene of blood and tears,
Where valor fell by hostile power,
I saw retire the setting sun,
Behind the hills of LEXINGTON;
While pale and lifeless on the plain
My brothers lay, for freedom slain!

And ere that fight, the first that spoke
In thunder to our land, was o'er,
Amid the clouds of fire and smoke,
I felt my garments wet with gore!
'Tis since that dread and wild affray,
That trying, dark, eventful day,
From this calm April eve so far,
I wear upon my cheek the scar.

When thou to manhood shalt be grown,
And I am gone in dust to sleep,
May freedom's rights be still thine own,
And thou and thine in quiet rep-

The unblighted product of the toil
In which my blood bedewed the soil!
And, while those fruits thou shalt enjoy,
Bethink thee of this scar, my boy!

But, should thy country's voice be heard
To bid her children fly to arms,
Gird on thy Grandsire's trusty sword:
And undismayed by war's alarms,
Remember, on the battle field,
I made the hand of God my shield!
And, be thou spared like me to tell
What bore thee up, while others fell!

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
RURAL REPOSITORY,
Twelfth Volume, (Third New Series.)

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

On Saturday the 13th of June 1835, will be issued the first number of a new volume of the RURAL REPOSITORY.

On issuing proposals for the Twelfth volume (Third New Series) of the Repository, the Publisher tendered his most sincere acknowledgments to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of his publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense, shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

CONDITIONS.

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